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MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN AND DR. STRANGE

DEATH CARDS
AND SILVER
DAGGERS!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **SPIDEY AND DR. STRANGE DO TOGETHER!**

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IF NOT FOR LOVE...

THE TAROT: TEN CARDS,
PULLED FROM A DECK
OF SEVENTY-EIGHT LAID
OUT IN A CELTIC GRAND
CROSS.

IN THE HANDS OF A CHARLATAN
THEY'RE MERELY CARDS, PIECES
OF PAINTED PLASTIC, BUT IN
THE HANDS OF ONE WHO KNOWS
AND RESPECTS THE FORCES
BEHIND THEM, THEY CAN BE
WINDOWS ON THE FUTURE,
GATEWAYS TO A MAN'S SOUL.

SPIDEY KNOWS LITTLE OF THE TAROT AND
CARES LESS AS HE SWINGS ACROSS
WASHINGTON SQUARE, INTENT ON TAKING
THIS SATURDAY NIGHT OFF AND ENJOYING
HIMSELF, FOR ONCE, TO HIM, THE TAROT IS A
PARLOR GAME, AND IF THE CARDS' PRE-
DICTIONS ARE ACCURATE, IT'S COINCIDENCE—
NO MORE, NO LESS.

BUT THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, BECAUSE
FOR THE MOMENT,
THIS LAYOUT DOESN'T
CONCERN HIM.

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THE CARDS WERE
THROWN BY
DR. STRANGE...

...WHO, IN THE LAST FEW
MINUTES, HAS BECOME
A VERY WORRIED MAN.

SPIDER-MAN??

NO GOOD.
HE MUST BE
WRAPPED
UP IN HIS OWN
THOUGHTS--
HE DIDN'T
HEAR ME.

ODD THAT HE
SHOULD BE PASSING
BY JUST NOW.

ODDER STILL THAT I SHOULD
CALL OUT TO HIM. THIS
READING MUST HAVE UPSET
ME MORE THAN I THOUGHT.

THE CARDS ARRIVED
THIS MORNING, SPECIAL
DELIVERY, WITH NO
RETURN ADDRESS. AN
ANCIENT DECK,
HEAVILY CHARGED
WITH POWER.

I HAVEN'T LAID
OUT A TAROT IN YEARS.
BUT FROM THE MOMENT
I TOUCHED THESE
CARDS...

...I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. I SENSE ARCAINE
FORCES AT WORK, BUT SOMETHING'S CLOUDING MY
PERCEPTION, SMOTHERING ME IN A PSYCHIC FOG...

STEPHEN...?

MM?
OH--YES,
CLEA?

NOTHING, REALLY--IT'S JUST THAT
YOU'VE CLOSTED YOURSELF HERE
IN YOUR STUDY ALL DAY...

...SO I THOUGHT
I'D COME REMIND
YOU OF THE
EARTHLY SAYING...

...ALL WORK
AND NO
PLAY...

NOT
NOW, CLEA,
I'M BUSY.

I AM STILL YOUR DISCIPLE, STEPHEN. AND I
THOUGHT YOU HAD PROMISED NEVER TO
EXCLUDE ME FROM YOUR WORK AGAIN.

I SEE
I WAS
MISTAKEN.

CLEA,
I'M
SORRY
I--!

SHE LEAVES IN A FURY, STRANGE FOLLOWING--
WHILE BEHIND THEM, UNNOTICED, THE CRYSTAL
ORB OF AGAMOTTO BEGINS TO GLOW.

MEANWHILE, A FEW BLOCKS
DOWN THE STREET...

...WE FIND ONE OF OUR HEROES
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A
GREENWICH VILLAGE BACK ALLEY
TO DO A FAMILIAR QUICK-CHANGE
ACT.

FUNNY, THE WAY
MY SPIDER-SENSE
CUT LOOSE A
MINUTE AGO.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN
A FALSE ALARM,
THOUGH, BECAUSE
NOTHING WAS
HAPPENING.

WHICH SUITS ME
FINE. IT'S BEEN
TOO LONG SINCE I
TREATED MYSELF
TO A NIGHT ON
THE TOWN.

THIS
PARKING
AT ANY
TIME

IN FACT, IF
I READ ONE
MORE PAGE OF
NOTES OR WRITE
ONE MORE TERM
PAPER, I THINK
I'LL FLIP OUT!

SO LOOK OUT,
WORLD! TONIGHT
BELONGS TO
PETER
PARKER!
AND IT'S GOING
TO BE A NIGHT
TO REMEMBER!

MEANWHILE...

AT LEAST,
CLASAS
CALMED
DOWN.

IT HELPED WHEN I
REMINDED HER THAT--
EVEN THOUGH I AM
MASTER OF MYSTIC
ARTS-- I AM ALSO
A MAN...

...AND MEN,
OCCASIONALLY,
ARE ABSENT-
MINDED.

NOW FOR THE TAROT
LAYOUT-- JUSTICE CROSSED
BY THE THREE OF SWORDS, A
BALANCE RESTORED, THE
MAGICIAN HAVING OVER-
COME THE HIEROPHANT,
INVERTED.

THE MAGICIAN IS ME, BUT WHO
DOES THE HIEROPHANT REPRESENT?

THE THREE OF SWORDS
MEANS THAT WHILE ONE
BALANCE HAS BEEN
RESTORED, ANOTHER
HAS BEEN UPSET...

THE ORB GLOWS BRIGHTER
NOW, BUT DR. STRANGE
DOES NOT NOTICE...

...AS A FEW BLOCKS AWAY,
NEAR ABINGDON SQUARE,
OUR THIRD PLAYER MAKES
HER ENTRANCE.

IT'S BEEN A KILLER
WEEK FOR CAROL
DANVERS THE KIND
WHEN NOTHING GOES
RIGHT.

LATELY, SHE AND JONAN JAMESON HAVE
BEEN ARGUING MORE AND MORE OVER
"WOMAN" MAGAZINE'S EDITORIAL POLICY.
AND THOUGH CAROL HAS BEEN WINNING
ALL THE BATTLES, SHE HAS THE NAGGING
FEELING SHE'S LOSING THE WAR.

THIRTY HOURS
OF WORK WITHOUT
A BREAK-- BUT AT
LEAST THIS ISSUE
OF "WOMAN" IS
ON ITS WAY TO
THE PRINTERS.

BY HALA,
THERE HAS TO
BE AN EASIER
WAY TO MAKE
A LIVING.

ALL I WANT NOW IS A HOT BATH, AND...

MOVE IT
HONEYBUNCH!

HEY!!

FALLING TOWARDS
THAT MAN-- CAN'T
TWIST OUT OF
HIS WAY!

MISS,
WATCH OUT--!
WHOOUFFE!

ARE YOU WELL, MISS? THAT WAS A NASTY FALL.

WONG!
DR. STRANGE'S
MANSERVANT! *

MY NAME IS WONG, BUT YOU NEED
NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH...

WHAT A
MESS.
I REALLY AM
SORRY, *
MR...

I'M... AH, FINE THANK YOU,
SORRY ABOUT THE COLLISION.
SOME CLOWN ON THE BUS
PUSHED ME.

DON'T BE SILLY.
THE LEAST I
CAN DO IS HELP
YOU PICK UP YOUR
GROCERIES.

* THEY MET AFTER DEFENDERS #57--60B.



AHEAD OF ME, I FACE THE TEN OF SWORDS--MORTAL CONFLICT-- THE THREE OF CLUBS INDICATES I WILL NOT FACE IT ALONE.

YET, THE CARD OF THE HIGH PRIESTESS-- INVERTED-- WARNS THAT MY STRUGGLE WILL BE FUTILE...



"...AND I WILL LOSE THAT WHICH I HOLD MOST DEAR."

HE'S STILL HARD AT WORK. HE SAID HE WOULDN'T BE LONG, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS...

...HE'LL BE BUSY ALL NIGHT.

ODD. HIS STUDY IS DEATHLY COLD.



AND THE AIR--SUDDENLY IT REEKS OF...EVIL. WHY DOESN'T STEPHEN NOTICE?

WHAT'S THAT LIGHT? NO!

STEPHEN-- BEHIND YOU! THE ORB OF AGAMOTTO!!

STEPHEN!



DEMONS OF DENAK!!

A DEMON FORM, ERUPTING OUT OF THE ORB! ATTACKING ME AND CLEA!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE ORB IS A TOOL, ITS ACTIONS DIRECTED SOLELY BY ME. IT CAN NO MORE TURN ON ME THAN I CAN TURN ON MYSELF.

UNNNNGNH

IMPOSSIBLE OR
NOT, IT'S
HAPPENING!

A MASTERFUL ATTACK. I'LL
ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE TO
COUNTER IT!

BY THE WISDOM OF
OSHTUR--
BY THE CURSE OF
WATDOOMB--
LET THE FORCES WHICH
THREATEN
NOW KNOW ONLY DOOM!

ECTOPLASMIC
TENTACLES ARE
HITTING ME LIKE
STEEL BARS, KEEPING
ME OFF-BALANCE
PHYSICALLY...

...WHILE THE
MONSTER'S
PSYCHIC
CLAWS TEAR AT
MY MIND!

NAME OF A NAME--
MY SPELL HAD NO
EFFECT!

STEPHEN-- IT'S
CRUSHING ME! NO!
MY SOUL-- IT'S
STEALING
MY SOUL!!

AARRRGH!

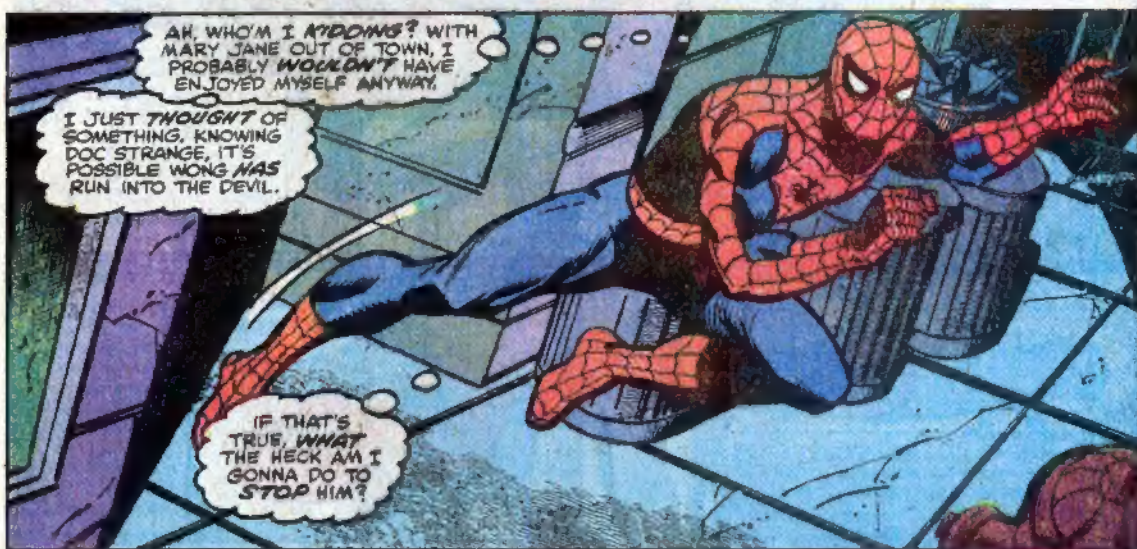
...HIS BEING TORN ASUNDER
AS THE TELEPATHIC RAP-
PORT HE SHARES WITH
HIS DISCIPLE TRANSMITS
HER AGONY TO HIM.

SHE SCREAMS AND IN THAT INSTANT, SO DOES HE...

HE FEELS CLEA'S SOUL
WRENCHED FROM HER,
LEAVING HER HOLLOW
AND WORSE THAN DEAD.

IT'S MORE PAIN THAN
THE MIND OF MAN
CAN COMPREHEND.
MORE THAN EVEN A
MASTER OF THE
MYSTIC ARTS CAN
STAND.





IF I REMEMBER
RIGHT, THIS SHOULD
BE DOC'S INNER
SANCTUM.

WONG--
DOC?!
IT'S
SPIDER-
MAN. IS
EVERYTH--

--OH,
MY GOD.

WONG, WHAT
HAPPENED?!
WHAT... DID
THIS ?!

ARE
THEY--?

I DO NOT
KNOW. I AM
ASHAMED. I
HAVE BEEN TOO
FRIGHTENED
TO EVEN
APPROACH
THEM.

IT'S A LONG TIME BEFORE SPIDEY CAN BRING
HIMSELF TO SPEAK, AND WHEN HE FINALLY
DOES, IT'S IN A BARELY AUDIBLE WHISPER.

I DO NOT
KNOW, SPIDER-
MAN. I HEARD
SCREAMS IN MY
MIND, FROM BOTH
MY MASTER AND
MISS CLEA.

AND THEN,
SUDDENLY--
NOTHING.

LET'S GET
TO IT, THEN.
IF THEY'RE
STILL ALIVE,
MAYBE WE
CAN-- HOLD
IT!

MY
SPIDER-SENSE
IS SCREAMING!
WE'RE NOT
ALONE IN
HERE!

HELLO,
WALL-CRAWLER.
LONG TIME,
NO SEE.

DO I KNOW
YOU, LADY?

THE COSTUME'S CHANGED, MY
FRIEND, BUT NOT THE WOMAN WEARING
IT. OR HAVE YOU SO QUICKLY
FORGOTTEN--

DO MS. MARVEL?

I REMEMBER
MS. MARVEL,
BUT LIKE YOU
SAY, THE
COSTUME'S
CHANGED.
HOW DO I
KNOW YOU'RE
REALLY
HER?

YOU COULD
CHECK MY
BONAFIDES WITH
THE AVENGERS. I
SUPPOSE, BUT OUT-
SIDE OF THE WARD,
THEY HAVEN'T SEEN
THIS OUTFIT,
EITHER.

ON THE OTHER
HAND, YOU COULD
SIMPLY TRUST ME.

"THEY FIRST MET
IN MTU # 62
-- BOB.

AFTER ALL,
HOW DO I
KNOW YOU'RE
REALLY
SPIDER-
MAN?

POINT
TAKEN,
MS. M.

C'MON,
LET'S
SEE TO
DOC.

BUT BEFORE EITHER HERO CAN
MAKE A MOVE...

W-WONG...?

ARE YOU...
THERE...?
I NEED
YOUR... HELP...

MASTER!

TAKE DOC
INTO THE NEXT
ROOM, SPIDEY
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF CLEA.

LATER.

MASTER YOU SHOULD NOT BE ON YOUR FEET! YOU WERE NEAR DEATH--!

WITH CLEA'S LIFE AT STAKE, FAITHFUL ONE, I DARE NOT TAKE THE TIME NEEDED FOR A NATURAL RECOVERY

THE SPELL OF REJUVENATION HAS RESTORED MY STRENGTH-- THOUGH WHEN IT WEARS OFF IN A DAY OR TWO I'LL PROBABLY WISH I'D STAYED IN BED.

CAN'T YOU DO THE SAME FOR CLEA?

I'VE TRIED SPIDER-MAN, BUT CLEA'S SOUL HAS BEEN TORN FROM HER BODY AND HURLED INTO THE MYSTIC ORB OF AGAMOTTO. MY STRONGEST SPELLS HAVE FAILED TO BRING HER BACK

WE MUST RESCUE HER, AND QUICKLY-- BEFORE THE ORB'S REALM OF UNREALITY DRIVES HER MAD, OR WORSE-- DRAWS HER TO THE LAND OF DEATH.

THE TAROT CARDS WARNED ME OF THIS. WE MUST FIND WHOEVER SENT THEM. OUR ONLY CLUE IS THE POSTMARK ON THE BOX-- THEY WERE MAILED IN NEW ORLEANS.

I WISH YOU LUCK DOC, BUT I THINK YOU'D BETTER COUNT ME OUT.

I'M JUST A NEIGHBORHOOD WALL-CRAWLER--

I WILL NOT FORCE YOU SPIDER-MAN

BUT.. THE WOMAN I LOVE IS DYING, AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO SAVE HER.

PLEASE MY FRIEND.

AH... OKAY, DOC, COUNT ME IN.

THE MYSTIC MAGE GESTURES AND-- IN A SILENT PUFF OF SMOKE-- THE THREE OF THEM ARE...

-- BLACK MAGIC HAS ALWAYS BEEN A BIT OUT OF MY LEAGUE

...GONE

DEATH WAITS AT BAYOU DIABLE!

BOURBON STREET, IN NEW ORLEANS' FABLED FRENCH QUARTER. IT'S SAID YOU CAN FIND THE BEST JAZZ IN THE WORLD HERE, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THAT'S STILL TRUE.

BUT THESE DAYS, THE JAZZ CLUBS SHARE THE STREET WITH CHEAP BARS AND MONKY-TONK DISCOS. AN ATMOSPHERE FRAUGHT WITH OLD WORLD MYSTERY NOW REEKS OF HOME-GROWN SLEAZE, AND NO ONE SEEMS ABLE TO STOP IT.

NONE OF THE TOURISTS CROWDING THE STREET SEEM TO MIND, THOUGH. TO THEM, THIS IS A MAGIC TIME AND PLACE.

UH, DOC-- IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL AN UNOBTUSIVE ARRIVAL?

MY APOLOGIES, SPIDER-MAN.

AND, IN A WAY, TONIGHT THEY'RE RIGHT.

A SIMPLE ENCHANTMENT WILL ERASE THEIR MEMORIES OF US...

...AND WILL ALSO CLOAK US IN MORE... APPROPRIATE GUISES.

BILLY, LOOK! THOSE PEOPLE JUST POPPED OUT OF THEM AIR!

LORIE, THAT'S SPIDER-MAN! LET'S GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

FOR THE MOMENT, THE FEWER WHO RECOGNIZE YOU, THE BETTER.



WHICH WAY NOW, DOC?

A MOMENT, PLEASE. THERE, I THINK I'VE GOT IT-- YES!

AN ASTRAL ENERGY TRAIL, STANDING OUT IN MY MIND LIKE A SUPER-HIGHWAY.



WHOEVER SENT THE TAROT DECK IS MAKING IT VERY EASY FOR US TO FIND THEM.

THE TRAIL LEADS SOUTH AWAY FROM THE CITY, DEEP INTO THE BARREN COUNTRY THAT LINES THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER UNTIL...

IS THIS OUR DESTINATION? A RAMSHACKLE SHANTY IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?!



WITH DOC IN THE LEAD, THEY STEP ACROSS THE ROTTING PORCH AND PUSH THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

... ONLY TO BE STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS BY WHAT THEY FIND INSIDE.

WELCOME, STEPHEN STRANGE.

IT'S-- BEAUTIFUL.

DOC, THIS IS THE DARDEST SHACK I'VE EVER SEEN.

ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL.



A WOMAN-- GREETING ME WITH THE WORDS DRACULA USED TO WELCOME JONATHAN HARKER. ANOTHER WARNING--?!

THANK YOU MADAM WE HAVE COME A LONG WAY, AND WE HAVE MANY QUESTIONS--

...NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS, WHO ARE YOU?



I AM MAMA LARUE, SORCERESS, CALLED BY THOSE WHO KNOW ME WELL--

--THE WITCH-QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS.



HER TAROT CARDS--
THAT'S THE SAME
LAYOUT I THREW
BACK IN NEW YORK!

I SENSE
GREAT
POWER IN
THE WOMAN--
BUT NO
THREAT.

I AM IN NO MOOD
FOR FENCING, MARIE
LAVEAU. WHY HAVE YOU
LURED US HERE? WHAT PART DO
YOU PLAY IN THIS NIGHTMARE?!



THAT OF A FRIEND,
MAGE, ELSE I WOULD
NOT HAVE SENT YOU
A WARNING THROUGH
THE TAROT.

BE SEATED,
MRS. AMIS, AND I
WILL TRY TO TELL
YOU ALL YOU
WISH TO KNOW.



YOUR BEING HERE
MEANS MY WARNING
CAME TOO LATE, AS
THE CARDS FORETOLD,
DR. STRANGE--YOU
HAVE JUST FOUGHT
FORCES MAGICAL,
MALIGN, AND UNKNOWN.
AND YOU HAVE LOST.

NOW THE WOMAN YOU LOVE STANDS IN PERIL
OF HER IMMORTAL SOUL, AND YOU AND YOUR
COMPANIONS MUST DO BATTLE TO SAVE HER.
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU DO NOT KNOW THE
IDENTITY OF YOUR FOE.

I DO, DR. STRANGE.
HE IS A SELF-STYLED
SLAYER OF DEMONS, A
RENEGADE PRINCE OF
THE HOLY MOTHER
CHURCH--

--SILVER
DAGGER!



INSTANTLY STRANGE'S MIND IS FLOODED
WITH MEMORIES
OF THIS MAN--

--WHOSE ENCHANTED DAGGER
ALMOST KILLED HIM WHILE
HE SLEPT



IN A
DESPERATE
EFFORT TO
SAVE HIS
LIFE...

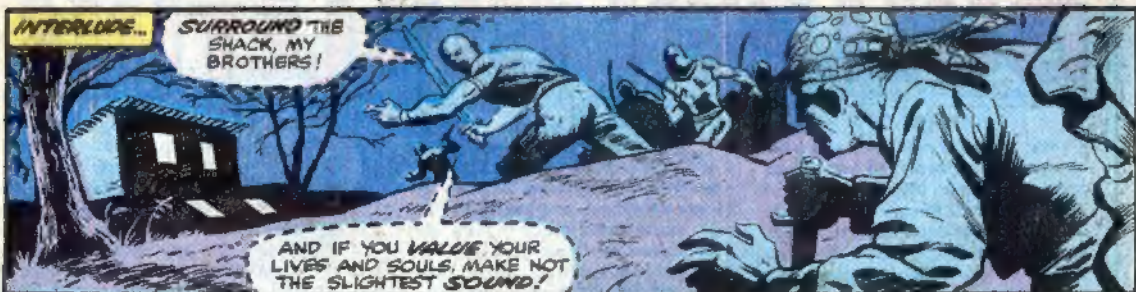
...STRANGE DREW ON THE POWER
OF THE ORB OF AGAMOTTE, ONLY
TO FIND HIMSELF DRAWN INTO IT.
THERE, IN THE REALM OF UN-
REALITY, STEPHEN STRANGE
DIED.



ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF REBORN
AS THE SORCERER SUPREME.

WITH CLEA'S HELP, HE
DEFEATED HIS FOE, AND
AS THEY BOTH WATCHED,
SILVER DAGGER WAS
DRAWN FOREVER INTO
THE SAME ABYSS
THAT HAD ALMOST
CLAIMED DR. STRANGE.

*AS CHRONICLED IN DR. STRANGE
*S 1-5 --BOB



SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH, YET I'M SURE--SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE--SHE'S LYING. THERE ARE WHEELS TURNING WITHIN WHEELS HERE, AND ALL OF THEM BESPEAK DEADLY DANGER.

AND, IF I READ THE TAROT LAYOUT CORRECTLY, ONE THING MORE--BETRAYAL.

BUT BETRAYAL BY WHOM-- WHEN, WHERE, HOW???

GREAT AGANOTTO'S EYE, WHOSE GAZE TOUCHES ALL WORLDS--

--TURN THY LIGHT ON THE ORB, LET THE TRUTH STAND UNFURLED!

DORMAMMU'S DEMONS!

CLEA!!

STEPHEN!

--HELP ME!!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, WARLOCK!

HELP ME, MY LOVE! IN THE NAME OF THE VISHANTI--

MY SNARE FAILED TO CATCH YOU, BUT THE GUILD IS PRIZE ENOUGH FOR NOW. SHE'S A WITCH, STRANGE, AND WE ALL KNOW THE PENALTY FOR WITCHCRAFT--

--DEATH BY FIRE!

OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR, HE MEANS TO BURN HER AT THE STAKE, AND IF HER SOUL LIES WITHIN THE ORB...

HER BODY WILL DIE ON EARTH.

I MUST GET TO HER--BUT HOW!! I'VE TRIED TO ENTER THE ORB, BUT HE'S CLOSED IT TO ME.

THERE IS A WAY, MAGE. THAT IS WHY THE CARDS BROUGHT YOU TO ME. IF YOU WISH TO SAVE YOUR LOVE...

...YOU MUST FIRST MASTER THE SHIATRA BOOK OF THE DAMNED.

INTERLUDE...

ALL IS IN READINESS.

AT OUR MISTRESS' SIGNAL, WE WILL ATTACK--

--AND ALL WITHIN, SAVE HER, WILL DIE!

THE SHIATRA BOOK IS SUPPOSEDLY THE OLDEST OCCULT TOME IN CREATION. LEGEND SAYS THAT THE NECRONOMICON IS ITSELF DERIVED FROM A SMALL PART OF THE SHIATRA LORE.

LEGEND ALSO SAYS THE LORE IS EVIL.

WHAT IS EVIL, MAGE? THE SHIATRA LORE IS POWER—NO MORE, NO LESS. IT CAN BE USED FOR EVIL, OR FOR GOOD. THAT DEPENDS SOLELY ON THE SORCERER WHO WIELDS IT.

SHE MAKES IT SOUND SO EASY AND SO SAFE, BUT WHERE THE SHIATRA LORE IS CONCERNED, I CAN AFFORD NO MISTAKES.

I WISH THERE WERE SOME OTHER WAY.

WELL, MAGE, WILL YOU ACCEPT MY AID?

WHEN I KNOW YOUR PRICE.

CONSIDERING WHAT IS AT STAKE, MY FRIEND, DOES THE PRICE REALLY MATTER?

PERHAPS NOT.

THEN LET US BE GONE!

PREPARE YOURSELF, STEPHEN STRANGE, TO LEARN THAT WHICH IS KNOWN TO ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON ON EARTH!

HUM...?!

DOC!!

HE'S OUT COLD! HE MUST HAVE SENT HIS ASTRAL FORM OUT FOR A STROLL!

I GUESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE INSTANT HE FADED, MY SAIDEY-SENSE KICKED INTO HIGH GEAR! WE'RE ON OUR OWN, MS. MARVEL, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT SCARES ME.

THE ROOM AROUND THEM FALLS SILENT, ITS SHADOWS BLACK AND IMPENETRABLE, WHILE OUTSIDE, THEIR WEAPONS GLEAMING IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE UNSEEN SKULKERS PREPARE TO STRIKE.

IF I'M TO LIVE... MY LOVE MUST DIE!